



Bones
journal for contemporary haiku
March 2018

no. 15

haiku p. 3 - 68

sequences p. 69 - 79

Art by Brad Vogler

nudes -
in the gallery the wet
of molten snow

false mandolin
the statue of David
in an odd dream

rooting in the sky
a palm tree's
improbability

summer bath house
uncollected sweat
fills a salt field

retelling a god still born of mud

mostly white
the smell of his illness
everywhere

a secret season the crows call home

hoping for honey in the sourwood

above the mri machine a photo of plum blossoms

February
the pragmatist buried
in Ecclesiastes

anger the original stretch of sinew

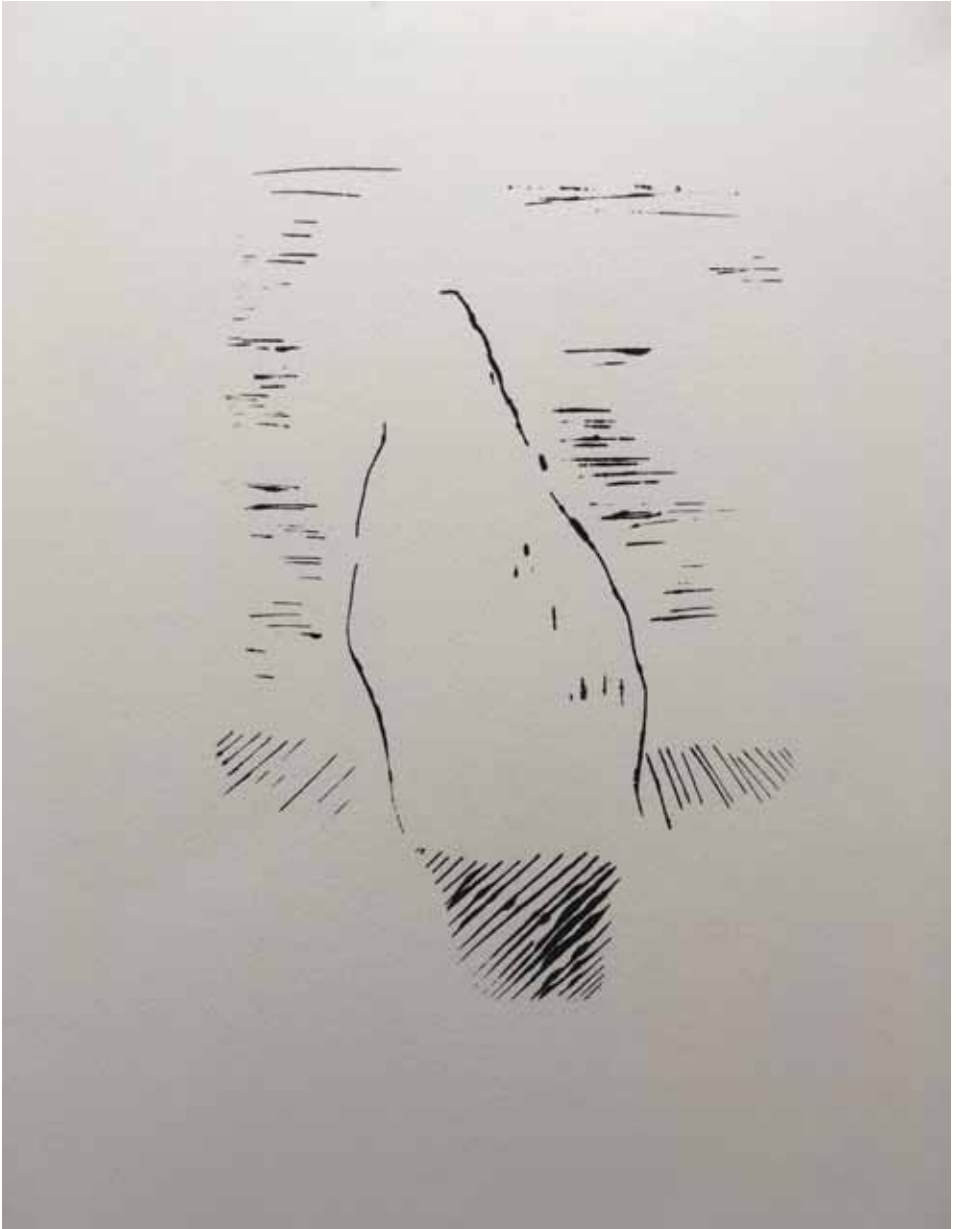
dead
ringer

dusk
in situ

Amanita pooling prescriptions into one container

darkness the last chemistry

bovine growth hormone a white plum blossoms prematurely



Name: Beate Conrad, bcon@gmx.net; Experimental Haiku: 'CONCRETE' HAIKU IN BINARY CODE

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5,*
0111 0101 0111 0010
0      0
1      1
1      1
1      0
1      1
0      1
0      1
1      0
0110 1110 0110 0111
      0111 0101
      0110 1111
      0110 0010
      0110 0101
      0111 0100 0110 1000 0110 0101
      0      0
      1      1
      1      1
      0      0
      1      1
      0      1
      0      1
      0      0
      0      1
      1      0
      0110 0011 0110 1011 0111 1001
      01101100
      0111 0010 0110 1001
      0111 0100 0110 0111
      0110 0110 0111 0011
      0110 0001      0110 1110

```

*trying to be the sky
a swarm of startings

Dan Schwerin

the susurrus of us inside us aspen rain

believe it or not pastor pushes the river

no more orchid memory of a bee science fiction

winter conscious
a cork
in the ocean

leathering a notch
into my belt, the gulls of my mind
eat my fries

just another phase of the moonlight child

brushes her red inclination against the trembling milk of it

astral projection
to rhyme
with orange

for him who still believes in hands this branch

dancing figures in smoke from the city of dry leaves in my chest

hazy moon . . .
the earth and i
belly to belly

drunk stars have no meaning

no moon i didn't want to see

drunk every cloud every fucking cloud

dawn,
a sparrow
says so

Edwin Lomere

even now my crayon moons show and tell

what with the cardioscope and Sirius

shadowspace
shadowsamaze
shadowspace

many a
head of
ten men in
tact as is

tending my cortex
hard to tell the weeds
from the flowers

heavy dawn snowfall
the coming day's verbs
changing tense

barber shop floor
the unneeded parts
of string theory



an eel lipsynchs
its glossolalia
of silence

entirety it only takes a feather

red as an egg death moon

shellac crow pencils me in

from gunpowder all men bloodborn

oars at rest drip worlds

power lines parting the brain of a maple

reeds scissor at the edge of the sound

crows unraveling the vanishing point dementia

night shift clocking off in the bomb factory

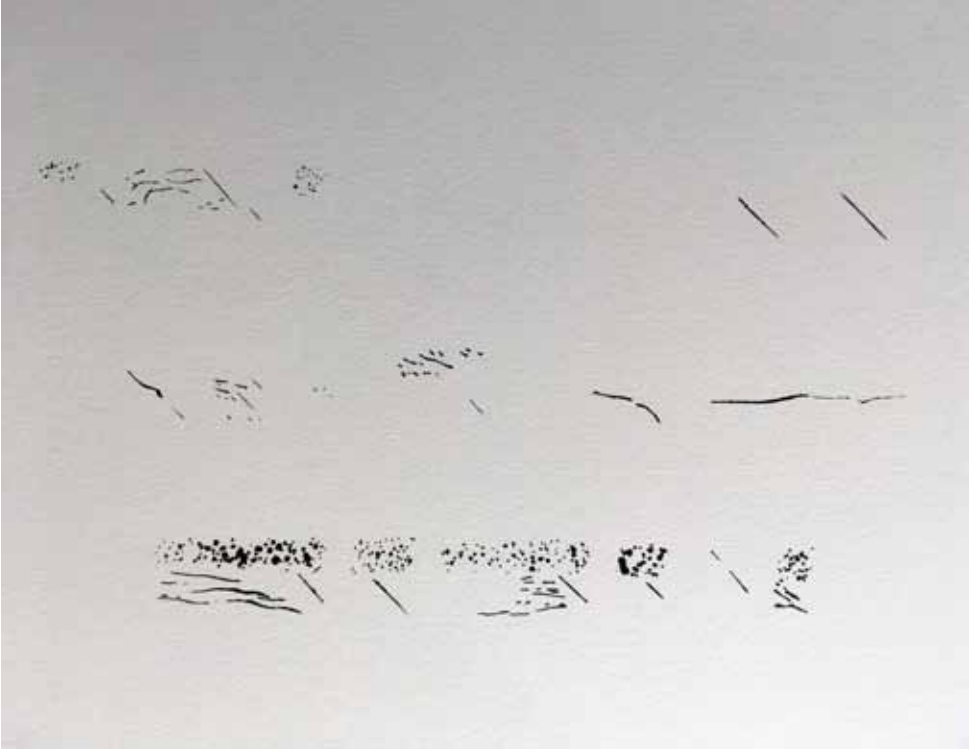
before it becomes
insistence, an orange
enveloped in seed

my offering to
the blue come
out of

under roof
the rain

falls as its
sound

swimming, besides;
the night sky



my mouth a soup kitchen for the newly blinded

tet
the body count had us
ahead

side by side
in the same landscape conscious
of an interval

unlit eyes
left–
fear of an empty body

caught in barbed wire
short-term butterflies

hypothesis
first ? to fly the Pacific
was anorexic [

why Antarctica?
Trotsky's fear of contagious bluebells

gunrest

H.PE

summer solstice -
sharpening stones
for the next war

autumn leaves
why not
become fire

Mark Gilbert

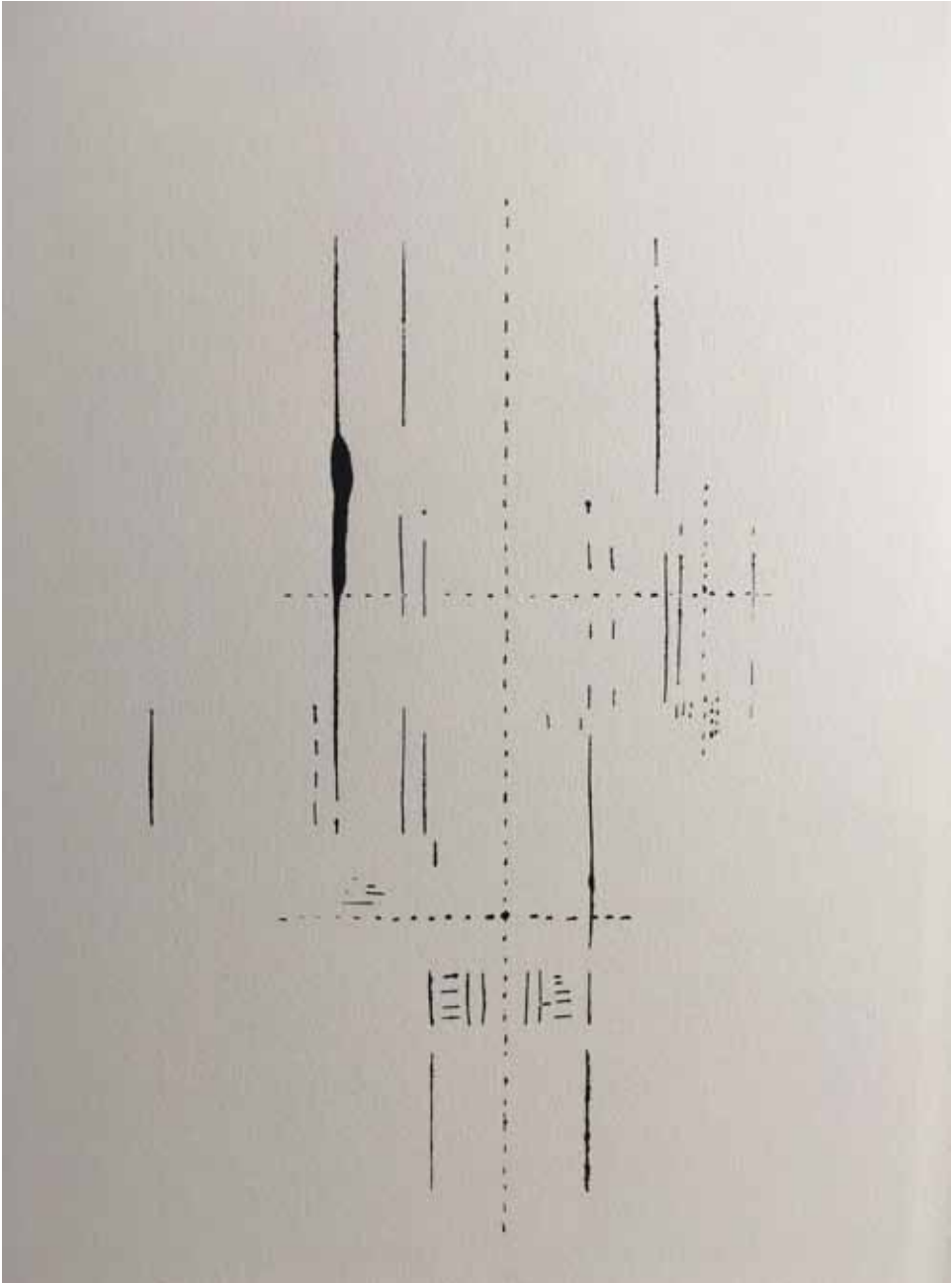
the scarf
I bought for her
empty uterus

carrot and memory stick

clouds have no voice

HELL IS REAL

a cherry-flavored cola
in a foam cup



a craving these lungs empty themselves of winter sunshine

thru
sting
my
pen
is
might
i
er th
an
a s
word

how long will that
decaying fence
bar nothing?

which of the three
one-eyed shrews of fate
will you vanquish today?

crow and bluebird down from the ceiling in the dark

myself seeing myself seeing myself who told me I was naked

violoncello viola violin violet ultraviolet

the woods' doors and windows standing open all night

festivity ebb
a bouquet doubts
the staircase

"The Zephyr" – translated in Savannah, GA in 2088

The green-faced ghosts swirling to the right of the decimal point

The transplanted fern
In the blue ceramic pot
Interrupted dream

inside a watermelon maybe the devil

crumpled poems
something language does
when it's alone

unstitched eye
learning to voice
her last stint

same comeback no matter the dialect
psalmfog

my stomach
in clove hitches
your hands tied

pathological briar

spring internalizing my revenu

supersex early, much earlier today, more shocking than a lobster pinch

horizon line tankers contain the sun

bruised pears what's missing from her bio

the altitude where it snows in my eyebrows

a griffon vulture might have been sirocco

evening prayer--
a mosquito on my
folded hands

shocked quartz
the desert heat
of Doom Town



pawn's
king
four

dis-
quiets
the
Western
Front

begins
the
fall

white queen sacrifice

Nude

De-

scending

the

Stairs

locks down the gold squares

Sicilian
Defense

long
as the
late
shadows
keep

at
your
back

Goya's
dark
gambit

Saturn
Devours
His
Own
Son

pièce
de
résistance

middlegame
Landscape
with
the
Fall
of
Icarus

en passant

measuring love in liquid nails

deep winter i guess the killer

lost in her handbag astronomy

20 below zero practice
for the penal colony
on Pluto

last week's haircut
my DNA
in the phoebe's nest

once hear the god in olives

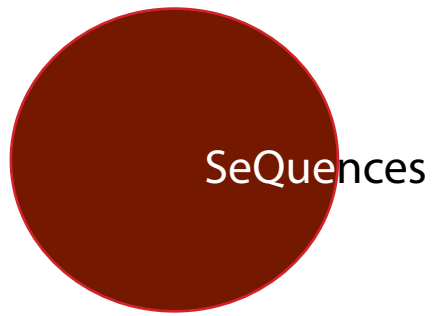
disappear left your mood through the door

there will be all kinds of booths future shock

dustlight in the morning the seventies

there is still life in your dead nature Europa

the classical gods
in the ablative case
storm at sea



denouement

salt wind
soughing
in an empty shell

wave splatter
the sting of her tears

a gull's cry
knee deep
in foam

her tipped toes
lingering on the tide-
line

moonlight
splinters
her argument

as in the after life
crusting on sand bars

contrary to guidelines
a sliver of her flesh
shivers

in the gloaming
a curdled refuse

Fear of the empty closets

stars
turn the dark to milk

blank planets, holes
blankets on my pillows

the cosmic egg
a crumb in my bed

pulsars, black holes
pricks, throbbing bruises

a bee the size of
the whole space hums

bodies stain the light
souls are lightning bugs

the poised word
the paused hour

till the grace
of not understanding

NAUTICAL CHOREOGEOGRAPHIES

i.

all circumnavigation blocked by only distance

over poseidon's body dominion of the sea

ii.

buoy

a buoy

a

buoy

a buoy a

buoy

senatorporcine

Hollywooden

expandemonium

Teriyakimama

pioneer-do-well

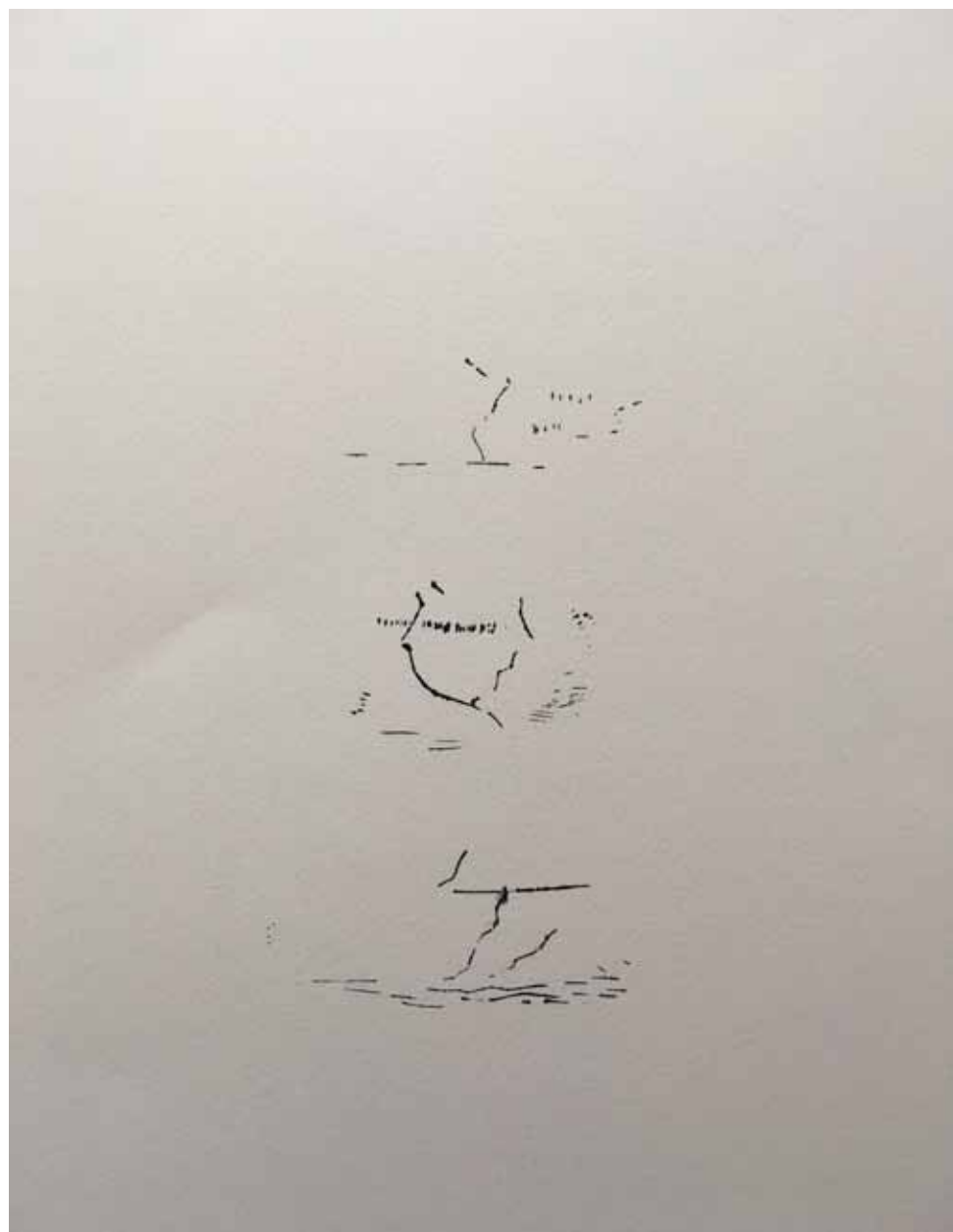
groundabout

tropicalifornia

disorientrails

ownerd

spamplitude



Friday

~~n~~ewsroom

paystub

~~p~~lenty

~~r~~emnants

justice

~~e~~xplanation

for~~g~~otten

chorus of peers

erected within canyons of grief
oration flies chorus of peers
eager for change the bright
old trails dissed
blood-spill ignites
chasms dissolve
the bright speaks
their simple language ennobled
bright gathers



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